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"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

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Maine Farmer.

The State Pomological Society's Annual Winter Meeting is to be held at Presque Isle, January 8 and 9. A full announcement will be made later.

Western apple growers have the best end of the business this year. Their crop was a bountiful one, and they are making some money out of it. For one we are glad of it. They have struggled long and manfully to master the obstacles in the way of fruit growing in that section, and now after having learned the varieties that will stand their climatic conditions through much costly experimenting, they are now realizing the fruits of their labor literally. Another year the tables may be turned and New England have the bounty.

Mr. J. E. Baker, Meadow Brook Jersey Farm, Bowdoin, has within a few years built up, or rather bred up, a valuable herd of A. J. C. Jerseys. His herd is making a good record, not only in the show ring, but which is of far more importance, in its regular dairy work. In 1894 the herd averaged over 300 pounds of butter per cow, with five heifers in with their first calves. This is a highly creditable record. In the show ring the herd won \$476 in premiums at the fairs last fall. Mr. Baker is President of the Sagadahoc Agricultural Society, master of the Bowdoin Grange, an appreciative reader of the *Maine Farmer*, and a very busy man with all.

Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Vermont are holding State Grange meetings this week. Maine and New Hampshire hold theirs next week, while Connecticut's will not come around till January. By the way, Connecticut is making a good Grange record. There are 108 towns in the State and 116 subordinate Granges. While there are but eight counties, it has nine Pomona Granges. Since the State Grange was reorganized twelve years ago, it has lost but two subordinate Granges. At the present time eleven thousand members are on its rolls. Active, zealous, capable men for leaders is the key to the success of the order in the Nutmeg State.

ICE ON THE FARM.

The advent of winter reminds us that the season of storing ice is at hand. Every farmer, whether in the business of dairying or not, should put up a store of ice for family use. The advantage to the housewife of having a refrigerator, easily accessible, where articles of food and cuts of meat can be kept in a cool condition, unaffected by the high temperature prevailing, can hardly be realized until it has been provided. Providing an ice house, and storing up the frozen crystals in a manner to keep through the hot weather, is a simple matter, and easily understood. If one tries it for a season they will never willingly be without it afterwards. There is still time to build an ice house to fill the present winter. But any building not otherwise in use can be improvised for the purpose. Partition off a section, fill the walls with sawdust, cover the bottom with a layer of the same, and after filling cover with a foot of sawdust or chopped straw. Keep the snow scraped from the field of ice where the cutting is to be done. Harvest it as soon as the ice attains ten or twelve inches in thickness.

STATE DAIRYMEN IN COUNCIL.

The annual State Dairymen's Convention and Exhibition was held at Norway, under the management of the State Board of Agriculture, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week. The meeting was held in the new Opera House, which afforded the best of facilities, and ample room for the occasion. There was wide interest in the meeting of those who are at work trying to build up the quality of the product they are putting on the market. It was a gratifying feature that an increased number of our creamery enterprises are becoming aware of the importance of such gatherings, and are yearly represented by increased numbers. A further advance would be to have more of the makers of the butter, the operators of the factories, in attendance, to receive the giving them for the lack of closer attention to the exacting details necessary to the high quality which alone can now take a prize in an exhibition, or command the top prices in the market.

Wednesday was devoted to the work of putting the working apparatus in place, and making ready, in general, for the work of the meeting.

Thursday morning all was ready for business. A large number of the leading dairymen and members of the Board of Agriculture had come in on the train, and with the citizens of the locality made up a large gathering at the opening.

The working apparatus was arranged on the stage, and in full sight of the people seated in the body of the hall. The De Laval Alpha separator was represented by E. J. Parker, agent of the De Laval Company. It was driven by a St. Albans baby tread power. They also showed the hand power separator of same make. A new thing shown by same party was the butterometer. This

is a new device for determining the butter fat in milk by the centrifugal process.

B. C. Brett, for the E. L. & A. F. Goss Co., Lewiston, showed the Sharpless Russian separator at work with a steam jet power. He also had the hand machine.

The Shipman Engine Co., Boston, sent down a sample Shipman engine especially designed for cutting ensilage and driving a separator.

The United States separator, made by the Vermont Farm Machine Company, was represented by R. D. Phillips. These rival machines made things lively, and at the same time represented what the varieties that will stand their climatic conditions through much costly experimenting, they are now realizing the fruits of their labor literally. Another year the tables may be turned and New England have the bounty.

On one side of the hall Kendall & Whitney of Portland, through F. A. Kimball, made a display of everything wanted for dairy work. In the collection was the little Hummingbird separator, for a one, two or three cow dairy. They also made an extensive show of the popular Worcester salt, of which they have sold something like a hundred carloads the past year.

The Gosses made up a similar show on the opposite side of the hall. To their was added their popular Cooley creamers, the sale of which was never better than at the present time.

These exhibits were a valuable object lesson to all interested in dairy work.

The following members of the Board of Agriculture were present: J. M. Winslow, Lincoln; Geo. N. Holland, Penobscot; George Flint, Somerset; J. W. Dudley, Aroostook; Geo. E. Wheeler, Franklin; B. F. Briggs, Androscoggin; W. H. Snow, Piscataquis; T. L. Scolliford, Sagadahoc; W. H. Moody, Waldo; E. E. Light, Knox; W. H. Vinton, Cumberland; S. F. Stetson, Oxford, and Senator McKeen.

Also Prof. W. H. Jordan and Prof. G. Gowell from the State College.

Prof. Bartlett of the Experiment station operated the Babcock test in determining the butter-fat contents of samples of milk brought in for the purpose.

Lectures.

At the appointed hour the order of the published programme was entered upon. In the absence of the President of the board, W. H. Vinton, the member from Cumberland presided.

Mr. J. A. Roberts, a prominent citizen of the town, welcomed the Board of Agriculture, the exhibition, and the people who had assembled to the town of Norway. Especial pleasure was expressed that representatives of the State College were present. Their work is fully appreciated. The individuals from the distant parts of the State are especially welcome, and with them the sample products and representative exhibits brought along to the meeting and the occasion. The locality to which the assembly has come is not exclusively interested in dairying. There are other lines of work among them, but they are all interested in the line of work which the assembly is here to promote, and all bid you welcome and wish the full success of your meeting.

A response to this welcome so fittingly pronounced was made by Hon. W. H. Vinton in behalf of the Board of Agriculture, in the opening of which he alluded to his earlier knowledge of the town in which they had met their late calamity of fire, and the courage and enterprise manifested by its people in recovering from that great calamity.

The Board of Agriculture comes here with a representation of but one of the industries of the farm—that of dairying, and one which is without question the leading farm industry of the State at the present time. To this work you are all invited to give your attention.

Our Dairy Interests.

The regular work of the convention was then formally opened by a lecture from Prof. Gowell of the State Agricultural College. In opening, the lecturer alluded to the death of statistics and reliable information in regard to the amount of work of this kind being done among us. He had been entirely unable to learn even the number of creameries in operation in our State. But with the lack of organized effort specially devoted to this line of our farming, we have made progress, however, the past year, and are encouraged to push on this work.

Some of the defects of our system of associated work in its detail were alluded to, and the reliability of the sampling and resulting testing was questioned.

The experts who are brought here to pass on the quality of the samples brought here for exhibition, have told us that our product is of an inferior quality. Their testimony must be accepted. The causes of the defects of our product were enumerated and dwelt upon at length. The important feature dwelt upon was a necessity to bring out the butter product from the milk as quickly as practicable after the milk is drawn from the cow. This, he claimed, is the chief reason that other sections are excelling us in the quality of their product. The practice of collecting cream every other day, or even less often, as is the practice in some of our creameries, is not a good one. To in-

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1895.

sure a good product, cream should be gathered every day and worked into butter as quickly as the proper changes can possibly be brought about. Along with the same, the necessary accompanying care of surroundings and damaging influences was dwelt upon, and enjoined upon all who handled the milk or cream in any form.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

"Recent Innovations in Cream Ripening," Was the subject assigned for the afternoon, and Prof. H. W. Conn of Wesleyan University, Conn., was introduced as the speaker. Prof. Conn has for several years been studying the matter of the service of ferments in the process of what is popularly known as ripening cream. The results of ripening cream are well known to buttermakers everywhere, but the cause of results obtained has never been fully answered. It is on this point that the studies have been centered.

The reason for ripening cream has not been clearly understood. One of the reasons for ripening cream well known to all is that the flavor is improved thereby. Now the ripening of cream gives the flavor.

The next question is, "What is ripening of cream?" The process gives that peculiar aroma and delicious flavor that gives additional value to the product. This change is wrought by the presence of a certain class of ferments. This fermentation process is produced by the multiplication of ferments known as bacteria. They multiply with incredible rapidity.

Where do they come from? These bacteria do not come from the cow. That is, a healthy cow's milk when drawn is free from bacteria. They come from various sources—the most of them come from the surface of the cow. As soon as they get into the milk they begin to multiply. Some of them get into the sugar of the milk and change it to lactic acid. Other kind coagulate the milk while still sweet. Other differing changes are produced by still other kinds of ferment. They are all the what the chemist terms chemical decomposition. If carried on far enough objectionable decomposition takes place. The first step is pleasant and desirable, but the last is objectionable. Some kinds of cream decomposition produce desirable results.

These bacteria, though so small, are as distinct and are made up of individual characteristics as plain as the distinction of the maple tree from the oak. He has found more than 50 varieties of the bacteria from cream at the creameries in his own vicinity. Some give a desirable flavor, some bitter, some give a pink shade, others a blue. The right kind is what is wanted.

The great majority do not produce bad taste. The proper ripening of cream, is secured by the use of the right kind. The great question now before us is to get clear of the bad and its injurious effects, and introduce the desirable kind and give this a chance to put in its work. Most farmers err in giving to the butter maker cream or milk already impregnated with a bad class of these ferments. It is done without your knowledge but there are all the same. Bacteria are introduced from the food. The cow does not eat them but they are taken up by the experts.

These matters are largely under the control of the farmer. Exacting cleanliness is the remedy for all of these evils. The mischievous bacteria generally come from filth. The maker of the butter can get clear of these bad bacteria. This is done by Pasteurization, or the heating of the milk to 155 degrees, which temperature kills all germ ferments in the milk. Some creameries have already introduced this process with all the milk they handle. The practice, however, has not become general.

But it is not enough that bad bacteria are destroyed. No flavor to the product is not enough. A good flavor is wanted. So the butter maker may introduce the species of bacteria that will give the desired flavor. In June the best class of these germs are abroad, and give the delicious aroma peculiar to the season. In winter the same are not then active. The brewing industry was referred to as an illustration of cultivating and planting in the male the right kind of bacteria.

The judges were E. A. Harris of the firm of H. A. Hovey & Co., Faneuil Hall market, Boston, and Oren Bent of Crosby Brothers & Co., Quincy market. While none of the score was higher than last year, yet the average was much better, there being less of the low grade. It will be seen by the total score given that very few samples went below 90.

The judges complimented the makers on the admirable manner in which the mechanical part of their work had been performed.

Relation of Food to Quality of Product.

At the proper time the lecture exercises opened with a house full to listen.

Prof. Jordan took upon himself the important task of elucidating an important matter, and one in which every dairyman is directly concerned, and on which every intelligent one among them is at the present time intently studying. Thus the important application of his subject is at once apparent. It is a high compliment to Prof. Jordan, as a scientific investigator, that he at all times holds sight of and puts himself in contact with the practical side of his work in hand and never overlooks the farmers who have this work in hand.

After some preliminary rambling over the reasons why he appeared as he did on the subject announced, he got down to his work.

The individuality of the cow is an important factor and always holds sway.

Between the food and the product stands the cow and always with her individuality. The influence of this intermediate medium never can be wholly annihilated by any work that can be done with the feed.

He wished at once to ignore the idea of starvation feeding. Rational feeding was only worthy of attention.

We may feed foods in their relation to food nutrients without decisive results

likely some of his hearers found his effort too scientific for popular effect, but it is well at times "peg out" the way in advance of popular knowledge, the better that the rank and file can in due course of time follow in the line. The speaker was very conservative on many important points connected with this intricate subject, and he left a favorable impression on the large audience that gave him attentive audience.

THE EXHIBITORS.

The following is the list of exhibitors with their score. One prize to each class.

The money offered was divided among exhibitors in proportion to the number of points they scored above 90:

Dairy Butter, 5-lb. tub, made from one breed:

Mrs. M. L. Robbins, Winsthrop, score .91

L. F. Dolloff, Mt. Vernon, .94½

J. E. Baker, Meadow Brook, .94½

H. M. Morse, Waterford, .93

T. M. Merrill, Sabattus Day Lake, .92

Dairy butter from mixed herd:

Mrs. M. P. Steward, Bolster's Mills, .87½

F. E. Bill, Bridgton, .85½

H. E. Bill, Embden, .91½

Mrs. J. A. Roberts, Norway, .91½

F. H. Morse, Waterford, .92

Butter prints made on farm:

Fred Coffin, West Winterport, .92½

Mrs. M. L. Robbins, .93

A. F. Russell, Winsthrop, .94½

Mrs. S. L. Brimley, Winsthrop, .93

R. O. Jones, Winslow, .93½

Hillside Creamery, Winslow, .93½

Portland Creamery, Winslow, .93½

Creamery gathered cream:

Monmouth, El Jepson & Son, .89

Turner Center, Wm. Bradford, maker, .91½

Gilbert Mountain, Wm. Bradford, .92

Riverside Creamery, Winslow, .91½

Solon Creamery, Winslow, .91½

Wintrop, .91½

Poland, .90½

Waterford, .92

Riverside, .94½

Creamery prints:

Mrs. N. W. Millett, Winslow, .89

Turner Center, .90

Sabattus Mountain, .93

Riverside, .92

Poland, .91½

Fayette, .93

Winslow Spring, Winslow, .91½

Waterford, .90

Grindal's Butter—Fayette Creamery, 1st;

Dairy cheese—Mrs. J. H. Millett, Norway, 2d;

Mrs. S. M. Morse, Waterford, 1st; N. W. Millett, Norway, 2d;

Secretary's Special, \$5.00—Mrs. M. L. Dolloff, Winslow, 1st;

Gold Special, banquet lamp—Mrs. L. F. Dolloff, Winslow, 1st;

Grindal's Butter—Winslow, 2d;

</div

Choice Miscellany.

YOU.

Sweetheart, the eyes whose slightest glance
Has power to thrill me through and through,
With life, and love and laughter dance;
They are not black, nor gray, nor blue;
For few are they, and few understand.

Exclam! I'll state their hue,
All brown eyes they're brownest, and Sweetheart, those eyes belong to you!

Sweetheart, the lips long to kiss
Are sweet and fresh as summer dew,
Unsuited as the blossoms is.
(Words of a French Poet—
Me if I stole a kiss—or two?)

Of all red lips they're reddest, and Sweetheart, those lips belong to you!

Sweetheart, the girl that I would wed
Is so sweet-natured, pure and true—
Be wise, so winning, so well bred
From me, to dearest—
I love her well, and for her hand
In all sincerity I sue;

Of all fair maidens she's fairest, and Sweetheart, this vision rare is you!

—Frank P. Smart, in Detroit Free Press

ABOUT ARMENIA.

An English Statesman Discusses What Can Be Done with the Turks.

Why does not such a government go to pieces, according to the law of nature which has always provided that corruption and weakness bring dissolution in their train? There are three reasons. One is the jealousy of three great European powers, which has had the effect of preventing two of them from annexing what remains of Turkish territory. Another is the fact that the Mussulman population, being in the majority, is so fanatically ill disposed to the Christians (who are the greatest sufferers) that it is not only willing to help the government to hold the Christians down, but even disposed to tolerate evils which would produce Musulman insurrections were there no Christians in the country. There is, however, a great deal of latent discontent among the Mohammedans, and but for the fatalism which Islam engenders, and which has made the masses listless and resigned, one may doubt whether even jealousy of the Christians would suffice to prevent outbreaks. The third reason is the enormous advantage which modern weapons give to a government which can raise money to purchase them. Two centuries ago insurrections were far easier and more likely to succeed than now because the insurgents were more on a level with regular troops than they are in these days of swift firing guns and rifles of long range. There is therefore little ground for hoping for any speedy extinction of the Turkish power by natural causes.

If then it is going to last some time longer, can nothing at all be done if not to reform it, yet to abate its evils? Experience has shown that there is only one way of reforming an Oriental government, and that is by putting it into leading-strings by either superseding the chief officials and putting Europeans in their places, or else by giving them European adjutants who shall virtually direct them. This might be done in Turkey if the European powers were willing. But it would be necessary practically to supersede the sultan—that is to say, to prevent him from interfering either with administrative policy or with appointments. And it is a method which, though capable of being efficiently worked by a directing and protecting power, as England works it in the minor protected states of India, cannot be well applied, at least on a large scale, by three or four powers conjointly, because each would suspect the other of obtaining some advantage for itself.

Another expedient would be to detach from the rest of the empire those parts of the country where disorders were most frequent, placing them under a specially constituted administration. This was done in the case of the Lebanon, and with very good results. It has been proposed for Armenia, and would probably succeed there. If the powers chiefly concerned were to compel the sultan to erect Armenia into a distinct province, with a European governor who should be irremovable except with the consent of those powers, who should control the revenues of the province and maintain out of them a strong police force, and who should be free to introduce administrative and judicial reforms, the country might in ten years' time be brought into the same perfect order, and obtain a measure of the same prosperity, as has attended the rule of Count Kallay in Bosnia, which was delivered from the Turks in 1878. There are, no doubt, as many Mussulmans as Christians in Armenia, but the former have also much to gain by the establishment of good administration, and would welcome it. Russia, however, is unwilling to set up on her borders what she fears might become an Armenian principality toward which her own Armenian population would gravitate; so it is to be feared that this course, however promising, will not be taken.—James Bryce, M. P., in *Century*.

THE VIA DANTE.

Milan Claims to Have the Best Built Street in Europe.

Meanwhile, the street reforms and the visible improvements in the ground plan of the city are progressing steadily. As an instance of the new improvement work there should be mentioned the Via Dante, a magnificent radial very recently constructed, which leads to the beautiful new park in the northwestern part of the city. There had long been retained within the town, at the rear of the old "Castello," a vast military drill ground, extending from the inner to the outer lines of circuit.

By consent of the national government, the city authorities have recently laid out a large part of this space as the chief park of Milan, and an area of perhaps equal extent has been arranged with handsome streets and sold for private residence sites. This extremely valuable land has brought into the municipal treasury a large fund of money, with which a variety of public improvements have been initiated or authorized.

The Via Dante was constructed as the direct approach from the heart of the city to the curved front of the symmetrical new park. It is paved with wooden blocks on a concrete foundation, is lighted with electricity, and is traversed by an electric street railway. But it is more notable for its beautifully executed surface, for, apart from the main sewers, there are subways on either side of the road six feet high by four or five feet wide.

These subways adjoin the front foundation wall of the houses, and make it easy to inspect and repair the drain pipes and connect the houses with the sewers. Within the subways are placed the water, gas pipes, electric wires, etc., and passages extend from them to the main sewers. It is considered in Milan that no street elsewhere in Europe so completely embodies the best principles of construction below the surface, if not above—as the new *Via Dante*.—Review of Reviews.

OSTRICH FARM IN SAHARA.
A New Source of Supply of Plumes Suggested by a French Writer.

A writer in *La Revue Scientifique* suggests that the French Sahara, upon the southern edge of Algeria, may be profitably used for the breeding of ostriches. The Barbary ostrich was once greatly prized for its plumage, and the ostrich feather houses of Paris made their reputation by the curling of these plumes. The wild Barbary ostrich is nearly extinct, so that there are no more plumes of the sort to be had, and the Parisian houses have lost their monopoly of ostrich feather curling. Indeed, a large part of the business has been transferred to other countries, notably the United States. It is estimated that the world uses annually about twenty million dollars' worth of ostrich plumes, and the writer in *La Revue Scientifique* says that in view of the early adoption of European dress in the east, especially in China and Japan, the demand for this sort of personal adornment is likely to increase. He urges, too, that the increased use of ostrich feathers throughout the civilized world is likely to protect other birds of fine plumage from destruction, and he calls upon the various societies interested in the protection of such birds to aid in making ostrich plumes more fashionable than ever.

It is believed that there are now in south Africa at least three hundred and fifty thousand ostriches domesticated and bred for their plumage, and the writer says that there is no reason why northern Africa should not become quite as important a region in this industry. The Sahara, it is explained, is by no means the exclusively arid and sandy waste that the popular imagination makes it. The ostrich can not exist in the absolutely dry portions of the Sahara, but there are large areas which are not, properly speaking, cases, but they do produce considerable vegetation. It is upon these areas that the French people are urged to undertake ostrich farming. There have been two or three unsuccessful experiments to this end in Algeria, upon the edge of the desert, but they have failed for reasons that would not necessitate failure in other parts of the desert. It is true, the writer admits, that the flocks can probably never maintain a large European population, but he notes that it is the oases, and not the less fertile parts of the desert, that are particularly unwholesome for Europeans. He believes there is a large field for immigration in parts of the French Sahara that are suitable for ostrich farming, and urges that the war department should aid in establishing the industry, that the natives could be directed by French immigrants, and Paris could recover something like her monopoly of the ostrich-curling business. He points out that thirty thousand Frenchmen emigrate to America every year, and thinks that some of these might profitably be induced to settle in northern Africa.—N. Y. Sun.

IT WAS NOT HIS HEART.
More an Occasion for Striking a Fire Alarm Than Calling an Ambulance.

A slender little old man, with horny hands and grime face, dropped into a seat on a Market street car the other night, sat his lunch basket between his feet, mopped the perspiration off his face with a ragged bandanna handkerchief, and leaned back exhausted from his day's work. Suddenly he started, clasping both hands over his heart, and groaned. Several passengers looked at him curiously. He was evidently suffering intensely.

"What's the matter?" inquired the man next to him.

"Oh! Oh! It's my heart," he groaned. His face was contorted with the agony he suffered, and he writhed and moaned pitifully.

"Is there a physician in the car?" shouted an alarmed passenger.

The passengers crowded about the sufferer.

"Stand back and give him air!" yelled the conductor. "Stand back."

"Oh-h-hugh!"

The man's groan ended in a shriek of agony.

"Let me see what I can do for him," remarked a stranger. "I'm a physician."

The crowd gave way: the sufferer slipped from the seat to the floor of the car, and lay there, writhing and groaning.

"Oh, it's my heart! Oh-h-hugh!"

The physician stooped over and commenced to loosen the sufferer's clothing.

"Shall I ring for an ambulance?" inquired the conductor.

"No; you'd better turn in an alarm of fire," and the physician threw on the floor of the car the stubby clay pipe that had set fire to the old man's vest-pocket.—San Francisco Post.

All the Same.

"Have you any flounces?" asked Tony Pippin, with an abstracted air, as he inserted his legs under a table in one of those quick-dispatch restaurants in Park row.

The fluffy-haired waitress glanced at her plain black skirts, blushed laboriously, and said:

"What was that you wanted?"

"Flounces."

"How'll you have 'em—baked, broiled, shirred or bias?" the girl responded, facetiously. She thought Mr. Pippin was given to repartees.

"I want them fried with bacon." Tony responded, with some severity.

"Will you take my order?"

"Yes, if you call for anything on the bill. This ain't no Chinese laundry."

Struck by a sudden fear, Mr. Pippin grabbed the thumb-painted menu, scanned the oyster list for a moment, and then said mockingly:

"I made a mistake. It's scallops I want."—N. Y. Journal.

The League of God's House, in 1401, was a Swiss combination. There were three leagues among the hardy mountaineers, formed in reality for the purpose of establishing and maintaining the independence of their country. The League of God's House was the first; the second was that of the Grisons, in 1424; the third, the League of the Ten Jurisdictions, in 1536. In 1798 all three came under the jurisdiction of, or rather were admitted into, the League of the Helvetic Confederation.

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Successful

growers of fruits, berries, and all kinds of vegetables, know that the largest yields and best quality are produced by the liberal use of fertilizers containing at least 10% of

Actual Potash.

Without the liberal use of Potash on sandy soils, it is impossible to grow fruits, berries, and vegetables of a quality that will command the best prices.

Ostriches are not advertising circulars, special fertilizers, but are practical works, containing latest researches on the subject of fertilization, and are really helpful to farmers. They are sent free for the asking.

GERMAN KALI WORKS,

93 Nassau St., New York.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

Salt Rheum on the Hands.

"For four years I suffered until misery with salt rheum on my hands. Some of my friends wished me to try Hood's Saraparilla and Hood's Olive Ointment, which I concluded to do. I took two bottles of Hood's Saraparilla and used the Ointment, and to-day my hands are entirely well." Mrs. M. E. Barrett, Litchfield, Me.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache.

"What is that place down there?" asked the boy of one of the officers. "Why, that is the steamer," answered the boy. "And does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?"

Mr. H. Wettstein, of Marcone, Ill., found that Ayer's Pills, taken when the first symptoms of la grippe appear, prevent further progress of the disease, and he has yet to find the first case where these pills did not cure the malady. Every dose was effective.

Uncle Sam makes \$100 a day by collecting 1 cent pieces, for which there is a great demand at the present time. There are 780,000,000 of these little pieces of money in circulation, and the public is still absorbing them at the rate of 150,000 a day. The 99 and 49 cent pieces of the big stores and the reduction in the price of Western newspapers is said to have greatly increased the demand recently.

When the hair begins to fall out or turn gray, the scalp needs doctoring, and we know of no better specific than Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

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Ivory Soap

99 44 100 PURE

High priced toilet soaps cost more than the Ivory, not because the soap itself is any better, but by reason of the expensive wrappings, boxes and perfume. Then the profit on toilet soaps is much greater.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

Woman's Department.

TWO.

I dreamt I saw two angels hand in hand,
And very like they were, and very fair.
One wore about his head a golden band;
A thorn-wreath crowned the other's mat-
ted hair.

The one was fair and tall, and white of
brow;

A radiant smile of wondrous grace,
Such, like an inner altar-lamp, a glow
Upon his beautiful uplifted face.

The other's face, like marble-carved Grief,
Had placid brows laid whitely o'er with
palm,

With lips that never knew a smile's relief,
And eyes like violet's long drenched in
rain.

Then spake the fair sweet one, and gently
said:

"Between us—Life and Death—choose thou
the lot.
By him thou lovtest best thou shalt be laid,
Choose thou between us, soul, and fear
that fear not."

I pondered long. "O Life," at last I cried,
"Perchance 'twere wise Death to choose;
And death with them were better satisfied;
The angel's radiant face smiled swift
regret.

Within his brother's hand he placed my
hand.

"Thou didst mistake," he said, in under-
breath,

"And living Life, didst fail to under-
stand.

He with the thorns is Life, and I am
Death."

—Laura Spencer Porter, in Harper's Maga-
zine.

THE FEUD OF THE FLOUR.

BY HELEN MARK HURD.

Not only in manner, but, in visage,
old Lysander Meguin had somewhat esca-
laded his former position. Stern,
his chin pugnacious, his keen grey eyes
twinkle humor, his mouth suggests a
spirit of wit and geniality, and, alto-
gether, his grand physique hints of con-
tradiction. His business capacities are
superb. Never did a man accumulate
wealth in less years, yet his vast whole-
sale establishment had always furnished
custom with the superfine, his grades
of flour being especially the product
of wheat brought to perfection.

And, though his rivals in trade,
and his political opponents, had also
made large fortunes. Not since these
three men had settled in the thirty
Western city had their emulation flagged.
In 1894 it was raging over the minor dis-
pute of best grades of wheat flour, as
well as over the political question, the
major feud being actually eclipsed by
the smaller ones for a brief season.

Burnot & Boles declared and published
throughout their extensive commerce
in all branches of traffic, in favor of the
Paragon flour, and it was the most
excellent." While Meguin averred
that "over a flume, not so fine a
grade as White Plume had ever been
produced." It was equally best for
pastry, cake, dumpling or pie; no other
made yeast bread, and all other breads,
light and white."

"In black and white," laughed Mc-
guin.

"That's good—all neutrals. We'll
keep Rands."

Both seized pencil and paper. "In
both my hands," Althen's hand in
marriage to Narson Burnot, to be paid,
if he wins, at her pleasure, against his
two million dollars, that will trick
Burnot & Boles," wrote Meguin. All
knew that a "counter" of some kind
between the two men was in process,
though no one understood it. Rand
having promised secrecy received the
written slips, glanced at them, then
hurriedly remembered an engagement
elsewhere. His risibles were scarcely
controlled until he was out of the
circle.

"That's too good!" he laughed im-
mediately, as he stopped under a street
globe and read the slips again. On one,
a handsome, round copy, was written
this: "I bet two million dollars, that
Megan will not fail to trick Burnot
and Boles."

The young hand had been slow in its
autograph, until the sharp, young eyes
glanced at the Paragon, and then
the sharp, the other's wager. The under-
scored word, not, in his wager had sat-
isfied Meguin's side glance so he had not
troubled to read further; and thus the
word, fall, still held hope in the lover's
stratagem, whose subtlety, surely,
needed the emphatic palliation of the
old adage about love and war.

Aimically disposed toward each other,
in spite of these wranglings, the three
old political opponents, were frequently
each other's guests. They met at
a third table together at the Lute, so
they might have chance for private discussion
or bicker on a score. No finer hotel hung
signboard than the Lute; and the cook,
Devoix, could bring credentials of hav-
ing served in a palace, where she cooked
for a King. Here, just previous to the
great November political confab, the
three men sat at dinner, Burnot and
Boles being entertained by Meguin.

Never fared epicures more sumptuously.
There were royal sirloins, fowl
selected from the choicest, and the
best of the flour had been continually
prosecuted. It was revived, and by
Boles in a crowd, among whom the argu-
ment on tariff was running high. He
spoke plurally, for himself and Burnot.
Said he, "Our breeds are built upon
sight and reason; so we never defeat;
and ever in trade, to our taste will prove
those grades which we have decided are
best; and when we gainays this, we'll
easly in mind," said Burnot.

"Ah," said Meguin, "do you hit at
White Plume? *Possibl*, yet you both
maintain that the Paragon is superior
for warm rolls and muffins, and such,
and you pledge your ballots against your
contradiction of that assertion?"

"We do," avowed Boles.

"Unconditionally," said Burnot.
"So! So!" said Meguin. His brow
frowned, his chin was a challenge, but
some twinkling sport illuminated his
eyes as though some scheme for
the confusion of his opponents were tickling
him.

Burnot & Boles were too much engrossed in mental composition of brilliancy
repartee, with which to parity any
brilliance he might flash at them, to
notice this significance of visage.

His supporters were quick to mark it,
and an expectant "jolly treat" in the
future loomed so visibly, that, to
the mystification of the opposing company,
they clung on gamely for Macbeth.

Subsequently, until the final denouement,
the eccentric old fire-eater mon-
chally avoided controversy in the
matter; and only once again did that
exquisite drollery, flashing anticipated
sport, luminate under his heavy eye-
lids at the repetition of Burnot &
Boles, aggravated by the loafers, that
would cast vote "Meguin's way,"
if their tongues ever contradicted their
confident belief in the superior quality
of the Paragon over the White Plume;
and at the moment a young man of the
political opposition happened to be
studying his demeanor. This handsome
descendant of a handsome race had
never en-agued in the floury contest;
however, being the son of Burnot, and
an interested lingerer of this double
battle ground, none doubted upon which
side was his enlistment; it was also
known that Meguin had refused to have
a son-in-law. Report said that
the old gentleman had stared at the
young man half hour in the close
prior to his answer of the momentous
question; that the young man had main-
tained position, never flinching a hair's
breadth in the broadside scrutiny fired
back; that, at last, the old man had
said curtly:

"Aye, aye!" rejoined Boles, "the best
first, before a man has well eaten and
drunken; but this best is last, surely."

"Guiltily, gentleman, of that breach of
honor, I confess. Weighing so closely
together, the others' wagers, the fair
bringer was crowned with a cluster of
wheat and a graceful snowy feather;
both edibles had been handed from the
stove to the oven and out of it by no one
but Devoix, who had cooked for a King.

To climax the joke, the chagrined
victims beheld at the windows and por-
tressed those loafers who had so often
witnessed the contest of the feud of the
flour and been skirmishers and warriors in
it. Deeply chagrined, yet irresistibly
drawn to the repetition of Burnot &
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said curtly:

Beecham's pills for consti-
pation 10th and 25th. Get the
book at your druggist's and
go by it.

Young folks' Column.

DARE TO STAND ALONE.

The pulse of the world is becoming so weak
while every one waits for his neighbor
Or to see what his neighbor will do.
And paths that we tread are so beaten
that little for progress is done:
The paths of the millions too often have
proved the biased opinion of one.

"I have just come from an interview
with your daughter, sir. She has ap-
pointed Christmas for the fulfillment of
your pledge."

"Yes! You pertinacious young
rascal!" shouted Meguin, dashing his
face against the table, amid a renewed up-
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Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1895.

TERMS.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.COLLECTORS' NOTICES.
Mr. C. S. Ayer, our agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Somerset county.
Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our
subscribers in Aroostook county.

The year 1896 will be leap year.

Oil is going up. Rockefeller is getting
ready to endow another college.There is a rumor that Hon. H. S. Allen
proposes to resign the wardenship of the
Maine State Prison.There is to be a great reunion and
parade of the Blue and the Gray in New
York City, next Fourth of July.At the meeting of the Republican Na-
tional Committee in Washington, Tues-
day, the committee heard the claims of
the different localities, and at last de-
cided upon St. Louis, Mo. The time
fixed upon was Tuesday, June 16.While Judge Woodbury of Bethel was
recently leveling a bank in his field he
found a hole in which were 192 live
snakes of different sizes and colors.
And Judge Woodbury is a total abstainer
from everything that intoxicates!A prominent Bangor ice merchant says
the winter's cut on the Penobscot this
season will not be very large. Nearly all
the companies have their houses full of
last winter's ice, and some of them did
not ship a cake last summer.The Christmas number of the *Maine*
is a beauty, and its illustrations
charming. In view of the cold weather,
we presume the young lady represented
on the cover is ringing the bell for an
addition to her scanty wardrobe. This
number is devoted to Picturesque Port-
land. It has thirty pages.There are thirty contested seats in the
present House of Representatives. The
testimony on these cases thus far printed
aggregates seventeen thousand pages; of
the thirty candidates five will probably
be disposed of by unanimous agreement
of the committee. The remaining
twenty-five contested cases are likely to
consume thirty-two or three days of the
time of the House.Mr. J. D. Rowell of East Madison is
getting his teams at work on lumbering
operations on Roach river. Some 40
years ago he worked over the same terri-
tory he operates on this winter, but pine
was cut then instead of spruce. That
was when Maine was the "Pine Tree
State." Spruce is "king" now, but his
reign in the future is liable to be a short
one.It is now hoped to have the new Tre-
mont Temple in Boston ready for dedi-
catory services on Easter week. The dedi-
cation ceremonies will extend through
the whole of the first week following
dedicatory Sunday. The religious ser-
vice of dedication will be given on a Sun-
day morning, and repeated on the same
evening. If the dedication Sunday is on
Easter there will be a special Knights
Templar service in the afternoon.The sum of \$30,000 has been expended in
extending Bay Point breakwater in
Rockland harbor the past season, and be-
tween 45,000 and 50,000 tons of stone were
used in the operation. The structure is
now 2,751 feet in length and is account-
ed one of the finest harbor defences on
the New England coast. The structure is
100 feet wide at the base and 20 feet
wide at the mark. The fiercest north-
east storms now scarce suffice to ruffle
the surface of that harbor on the inside.Mr. A. I. Brown of Belfast has re-
cently been South in the interests of the
Maine Condensed Milk Company. He has
been successful in making sales, and is
now making a tour on the same business
through the States of Massachusetts,
Connecticut and New York. A large
business is being done at the Newport
factory, and an extra class of goods
turned out. The pay roll at the estab-
lishment is an extensive one, scattering
the solid cash among the farmers.Harry Mooney, the Brookton, Mass.,
shoemaker who started peniless from
his home, July 30, to make a pair of
shoes for every Governor in the United
States, has returned home. He was
taken sick while in Atlanta, Ga., and re-
turned home at the earnest desire of his
wife. He stated that he intends to start
out again to carry out his idea as soon
as domestic matters will permit him.
He has made shoes for ten Governors,
including Gov. Cleaves.A writer in the *Bangor Commercial*
says: "It was greatly interested in the
appearance of Adj. Gen. Connor at the
Bangor House last night. The general
was the center of admiring attention
wherever he moved in the house, and when he rose to speak he was greeted
with a storm of enthusiastic applause.
His recent brave fight with death and his
rise from what seemed the very valley of
the shadow, have served to still deeper
endear him in the hearts of Maine's sold-
iers and citizens."Robbinson is indeed a happy place,
according to the following good words
by a correspondent of the *Eastport Sen-*

Perhaps there never has been a
time in the past, when we had more to
be thankful for, as a town and a com-
munity, than at present. Our people
are generally well and prosperous, and
most of them have laid in a good supply
for the winter, and are in a really poor
family in town. Our citizens are be-
coming more prudent and industrious from
year to year. Most of our citizens are
doing a good business; they deserve suc-
cess, they are hard working, prudent
men. Upon the whole we have much to
be thankful for.

The thirty-third annual meeting of the
Maine Press Association will be held at
Portland, on Wednesday and Thursday,
Jan. 8 and 9. Opening session on
Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock,
in the rooms of the Common Council, city
building. Literary exercises Thursday
afternoon.

In Mr. Cochrane's letter last week, he
said, "In October the weather was trop-
ical a large portion of the time, etc." He
intended to say "In September, etc."

ROAD BUILDING.

Stimulated by what has already been
attempted in that line, the people of the
State of New York, in agreement with
the people in other States, are talking
about the construction of better roads,
looking at it purely from a commercial
standpoint. The next legislature will
undoubtedly make liberal appropriations
for the same.

To make this work effective it seems
to us that a beginning should be made
by the State, perhaps by way of appro-
priations to towns, that will make similar
appropriations.

The country towns ought not to be
asked to do the whole work; neither are
they in a condition to do it. When we
look to Massachusetts we will find that
the sentiment there in favor of good
roads is so strong that it found expres-
sion in the platforms of both the great
parties in the recent campaign. There
has been a Highway Commission in
Massachusetts for some time, and this
year the legislature appropriated \$400,
000 for the construction of roads on the
new State system. At the next session of
the legislature it is expected that
\$1,000,000 will be appropriated for the
continuation of the work. Petitions for
road construction by the State Commis-
sion have been received from two-thirds
of the towns in the State, and road build-
ing has been going on this season in sev-
eral localities. If the petitions now in
hand are favorably regarded, more than
700 miles of road will be constructed,
and it is the belief of the Highway Com-
missioners that ultimately about 2000
miles of road will pass under the care of
the State. This will be about 10 per
cent. of the whole, which is just about
the proportion of roads under govern-
ment care and control in France and Austria.
But the work accomplished is by no
means exhausted by that done directly
by the State, for many of the towns
which have experienced the benefits of
good roads have purchased road machin-
ery with the intention of bettering their
system generally. The State has also
done a good thing in setting an excellent
example by the construction of roads of
various kinds.

We talk about the growth of the dairy
industry, but the public has little ap-
preciation of what the farmers are doing
to add to the wealth of the State, save as
when figures are presented. At the
Massachusetts Winter Board Meeting
last week, Editor Whitaker, in an able
paper on the milk supply of Boston,
stated that five or six butter factories in
Maine had furnished this one city the
present year over \$85,000 worth of cream.
A pretty good record, and the demand is
by no means met. We may not be able
to ship milk to the greatest centres, but we
may send a more concentrated product,
and retain that which will most rapidly
increase the earning value of the farms
of Maine.

If by the closing of the rum shops of
New York on Sundays, the working
classes are saving so that there have
been added to the savings banks, from
this class alone, \$2,900,000, who is the
sufferer? Has the public any right to
listen to the cry of the saloon that its
interests are affected? There's the rub.

Class 1.—Merino and wools of the
merino breed, immediate or remote,
down clothing, wools, etc., including
such as heretofore imported from
Buenos Ayres, New Zealand, Australia,
Cape of Good Hope, Russia, and else-
where, and all wools not designated in
classes two and three.

Class 2.—Leicester, Cotswold, Lincoln-
shire down, combing wools and others
usually known by these terms, also the
hair of the camel, goat, alpaca or other
like animal.

Class 3.—Donkota native, South Amer-
ican, Cordova, Valparaiso, native Spanish
sheep's hair, and all wools of like
character imported from Turkey,
Greece, Egypt, Syria, etc., excepting
improved wools.

The standards for classification to be
provided by the Treasury Department.
Provision is made for fixing the duties
on made wools and all wools, the value
of which is sought to be either de-
creased or enhanced. Washed wool
pay duty of one cent; unwashed, and
account fixed at one-half.

Representative Royce of Indiana pre-
sented a resolution petitioning for the
recognition of the Cuban rebellion. It
originated at Elkhart, Indiana, and has
been circulated through every State and
territory in the Union, and contains
202 signatures.

A large number of bills was presented
in both branches, Monday. In Senate,
Mr. Quay (Pa.) presented bill to estab-
lish postal savings banks. It provides
for deposits from ten cents to \$10 all
money order post offices, for interest on
deposits which do not exceed \$50.

Mr. Smith (Ill.) presented bill grant-
ing a uniform pension of \$20 a month
to all who lost a hand or foot in the war,
and \$10 to all those who lost an entire
limb.

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Items of Maine News.

Seventy houses built in Bangor this year.

H. C. Knight has been appointed Postmaster at East Rumford, vice Wilson Thomas.

Burglars blew open Small & Ricker's safe at Portland, Wednesday night, getting between \$125 and \$150 in cash. No clue.

Ex-Tax Collector Gagnon of Lewiston is \$400 short in his accounts, and action will be taken against him and his sureties.

Gladys Rowell, 8 years old, and Harry Harvey, aged 5, of East Damar, were on Thursday drowned in the Piscataquis River, while playing on the banks.

Booker Douglass, a grocer at Richmond, has assigned to Smith & Cox of Portland. Liabilities, \$20,000; assets not known.

The will of the late James Sisk of Portland has been probated. He gives \$35,000 to the Catholic orphan asylum at Deering. This is the only bequest.

Benjamin B. Douglass, merchant, Bowdoinham, has assigned to F. A. Smith and Co. of Portland. Liabilities reported at \$30,000.

Mrs. Adams Hume of Calais was in poor health and partook freely of the Thanksgiving dinner. On the following Friday she was taken ill which increased in severity until her death.

Saturday night, Isaac Eastman of Lovell was found dead by the roadside, where he had fallen while returning for track laying, and work will be pushed as rapidly as possible. The new line will be of very great material advantage to the towns through which it passes, and the revenue to the railroad from the freight and passenger traffic will not be a small sum. Regular trains will begin running at the beginning of 1896.

The Secretary of the Treasury's report recommends for lighthouse improvements in Maine as follows: Spring Point ledge, Portland Harbor, \$25,000; Whittle's Mills, \$250; Lubby Islands, \$6000; Boone Island light, \$400; Cape Elizabeth light, \$2000; Matinicus, \$200; Burn Coat Harbor, \$500. Tender for second lighthouse district, Massachusetts, \$8500. The sum required for the Soldiers' Home at Togus is \$265,655, which includes a new "armack railroad," the jury on Saturday returned a verdict of not guilty.

The Harper Manufacturing Company has decided to rebuild the woolen mill at Welchville, on a scale that will make it one of the finest plants in the State. The preliminary work has begun, but the main structure will not be built until early in the spring.

The heirs of James Gilberson, the man who was killed at Mars Hill by a Bangor & Aroostook train, in October, have brought suit against the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad for \$10,000 damages, and the case will come for trial at Carrabassett, this week.

The Royal Legion met at Bangor, Wednesday evening, and had a business meeting and grand banquet. Maj. A. H. Small of Oakland read a most interesting paper upon "Personal Observations and Experiences in Rebel Prisons, 1864, 1865, Selected from My Prison Diary."

Milbridge is to have railroad connection, and it is proposed, if the Washington county road does not touch at that place, to build an electric line to connect at the nearest station. A number of the prominent people of Milbridge are interested in the enterprise.

Dogs are reported as again becoming troublesome to sheep-raisers. George W. Dyer, of Westport, has recently visited several times, and some damage done. Mr. B. and several of his neighbors have loaded their guns in readiness for future marauders.

The time is approaching for the second trial at Portland of James Lewis, charged with murdering Byron G. Coburn a year ago this month. Interest has not abated in this mysterious case, and people still talk about and discuss the matter. The trial is booked for some time in January.

The financial embarrassment of the Shaw & Morse Lumber Company, of Island Falls, is reported. It is stated that the liabilities are from \$60,000 to \$70,000, and the assets \$40,000, but it is thought by some that the liability is not as large as the figures quoted. The company has a large mill at Island Falls.

Burglars broke into A. B. Spencer's grocery store at Berwick, Friday night, and ransacked the place, securing \$7, all that the proprietor left in the place. They attempted to enter George Moore's drug store, but were scared away by Dr. Ferguson, who was at his office upstairs and heard them prey open the door.

Michael Lenihan shot Grace Griffin, a waitress at the Orono House, through the upper jaw, Monday evening. He then fatally shot himself through the temple, the bullet entering the brain. The girl may recover. It is supposed that Lenihan was in love with the girl, and tried to kill her, but he had been examined yesterday.

FIRES IN MAINE.

Fire, Monday night, destroyed the dwelling house and stable of H. D. Foss on High street, in Houlton, with furniture, etc. Nothing was saved. The loss is \$500; insurance \$200.

The fire, Wednesday, in the City Building, Androscoggin, did not amount to much after all, as we were told. It occurred in the telephone exchange in the building, and was caused by the breaking and dropping of two telephone wires, causing perhaps \$150 damage.

The overturning of a kerosene heater in the West End Variety store, Portland, Monday noon, caused the destruction of the wooden building No. 941 Congress street, owned by John W. Dearing. A large pile of tissue paper near the heater caught fire, and it quickly communicated to the adjoining stores in the building, occupied by Sing Lee as a Chinese laundry, and Harry Morris' grocery shop and pool room. The building, with the exception of the laundry, was destroyed. The greater part of the building was occupied by Charles Ashton as a variety store, and he also lived in the upper part of the building. His loss on stock and household furnishings was about \$300; insured for \$1200. Lee's loss was about \$100, and Mr. Lessage succeeded in getting all his furniture out except his pool table, which was damaged by water. His insurance will cover the loss. Mr. Dearing valued the building at \$3000, and had \$1800 insurance.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The revival services at the First Baptist church, Brewer, under the direction of Rev. James Higgins, continue to be well attended and successful.

Rev. Selden Gilbert, D. D., has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Universalist church at Livermore Falls, and has accepted a unanimous call from the Church of the Redeemer at Halifax, N. S.

The Methodist church at Wayne was dedicated, Tuesday afternoon and evening, with appropriated exercises.

A league is to be formed in Skowhegan for the suppression of the sale of intoxicating liquors.

ON THE STREETS OF AUGUSTA.

The new brick chimney of the electric light works fell with a crash, demolishing a coal shed. Nobody was injured. The chimney was built last fall and was 88 feet high. A quicksand near the foundation caused it to settle unevenly and the high wind did the rest.

The man, personal as well as business, friends of Joseph H. West of Franklin will regret to learn of his assignment. This step was taken on Nov. 30, the assignee being W. B. Blaisdell of Franklin, and is due to losses in bad business operations and bad debts which have been accumulating for several years back. The liabilities amount to some \$12,000.

Fred Orr of East Harpswell, a young man of about 25 years, went out to his lobster traps, Saturday, and did not return. Search was made Saturday night and Sunday, and an oar and some pieces of wood, which he used to be part of his boat, were found. It was very rough Saturday and his boat was adrift, and it is supposed his mast gave way and wrecked the boat.

Auburn is to have a new shoe manufacturing firm right away. The organization of the concern is practically completed, and they expect to start in manufacturing about January 1 of the new year. The principals are three well-known Auburn shoe workers—practical men who have worked in the Auburn shops many years, and who are well versed in manufacturing. This is good news for Auburn.

The foundation for the Stewart building at Gorham, which is to contain the town offices and a library, has been completed and will be covered in during the winter. Work will be resumed in the spring. It will be a large and handsome building when completed and one which the people will highly appreciate. It will be lighted by electricity from the new town plant which has been in successful operation several weeks.

ANIMAL MEAL.

Makes hens lay. Makes chickens grow.

The Bowker Company, 43 Congress St., Boston.

BOOK ABOUT IT FREE.

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Poetry.**A FLOWER FROM MY ANGEL MOTHER'S GRAVE.**

I've a casket at home that is filled with precious gems; I have pictures of friends dear to me; And I've pictures so rare, that came many years ago From my far distant home across the sea. But then one sweet little treasure that I'll ever dearly prize, Better far than all the wealth beneath the wave! Tho' a small faded flow'ret, that I placed in childhood's days, 'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.

Chorus.

Treasured in my heart like a happy dream Are the loving words she gave; And my heart fondly cleaves to the dry and withered leaves—

'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.

*For the Maine Farmer.***OUR CIRCLE.**

From the dust we spring, and run About the green earth's patient breast— Our little day: at set of sun Into her bosom creep, and rest.

Our Story Teller.**MY MODEL.**

BY WILL LISBONER.

I was anxious to leave Italy for the north, for already the warm season, with its breath of malaria and fever sweeping up from the Campagna, had come making the Eternal City a most uninviting place of abode.

I made a hurried journey to Naples, and there took passage in the first vessel for Marseilles. There were reasons for my hurry to quit Italy, yet my leaving was not without some sharp pangs of regret, for the vision of a pale, sweet face and dark-brown eyes haunted me—ah! and would haunt me as long as I all seemed like a dream, now, as I tried to recall the events of my first meeting with Verda Seidoroli. It was a cold day in January, with a bitter wind sweeping down from the Apennines; and rolling over the dreary waste of houseless Campagna a gray mist came silent and ghostlike.

The light had been bad all day, baffling my efforts to bring out the colors I desired to transfer to the canvas. I threw my brushes aside, and, drawing on a heavy coat, I descended the worn stone steps of the old ruin under whose roof I had established my studio.

At the foot of the stairs lay the limp, lifeless figure of a girl, her scant and faded garments steeped in the chilling rain and mist. Her eyes were closed, and her face was as pale as if death had already claimed her. I spoke to her, and when she showed no signs of returning consciousness I took her in my arms and bore her to my studio.

I laid her on a couch, which I drew close to the fire that blazed in the wide grate. I brought some wine and forced it between her lips, and was rewarded by seeing her eyes unclosed and a faint coloring come into her cheeks.

She looked wonderingly about the room, a vague surprise kindling in her dark-brown eyes.

"You are ill," I said, speaking in Italian. "I found you at the foot of the stairs and brought you to my studio. Shall I send a message to your home?"

She threw out her hand with a little gesture of dissent.

"I have no home, seignior," she replied in a low, musical voice, a hopeless, despairing look coming over her head.

"But surely you have some place to stay—some friends at least?" I said.

"No—none!" she replied, with a shiver.

Her words and the hopeless look upon her face moved me strangely. Could it be that one so young, so beautiful was friendless and homeless?

She looked into my face, and seemed to divine my thoughts.

"Ah! there are thousands of such as I in Rome," she said. "We live in the shelter of the churches, under the bridges, or in the ground like rats—anywhere where shelter can be found."

She arose and stood leaning against the mantel before the blazing fire, her thin, clinging garments showing the outlines of a full, supple form, her hands clasped before her, her eyes fixed upon the high window, through which a glimpse of the Pantheon, white and ghostlike, loomed through the gray mist.

Never before had I beheld such beauty of form and face. There was a subtle witchery in her very presence, and her every movement was full of understudied grace.

Ah, what a picture she made, standing there in the old ruin, the gray light from the high gothic window falling like silver filterings about her!

This was our first meeting.

"She is such a sweet creature, so innocent, so beautiful, so good," declared my landlady, an Englishwoman who kept lodgings just across the court. "And it is so fortunate that you should find so beautiful a model for your picture."

Every day the little Italian beauty came from the lodgings I had procured for her of my landlady; and every day it seemed that her presence filled me with a new delight.

So the winter went by, and out on the Campagna the breath of spring was bringing to life the ilex and the white stars of Bethlehem. Still I lingered. My painting had long since received the finishing touches, but my model still came, just as in the past, and I would sketch her in different positions, till from a score of leaves in my sketch book the same sweet face greeted me.

Had I really grown to love her? How often that question came into my mind! But I would dismiss it. It was time enough to think of this and by. So the days went by—happy days, days long to be remembered by me.

There were times when I could not disguise the fact that I loved her, and I would be tempted to tell her of my feelings, to ask her to become my wife. Then the thought would come: Was

she not friends say? No, I would keep silent. I would wait till I knew my feelings better. Yes, I would wait. Heaven forgive me, the time was soon to come when I should know my mind better.

One evening she came to my studio a half-hour late, and I thought I detected traces of mental anguish upon her face, but I hardly noticed it at the time.

Al, how well I remember her leaving the studio that evening! She stopped by my side a moment as she was going out, and with a sudden impulse threw her arms about me and pressed her lips to mine.

"The Holy Virgin protect you!" she said, and then she was gone.

That night my landlady handed me a bit of paper, upon which Verda had written:

"I shall never see you again. I must leave my dear Italy forever. May the Holy Virgin watch over and protect you."

She was gone. I should never see her again. The thought came to me in all its painful reality. Then it was that I knew my mind—knew that I loved her with all the passion of my soul—knew that life without her would be a living torture.

I searched for her like one in a dream, but no trace of her could I discover. Then I turned my back upon Rome.

I believed she had fled to France, and there I intended to renew my search. The Corsica, in which I took passage, was a most forbidding-looking brig, manned by a captain and crew of warty Italians of the lower and most vicious class. But I preferred even this to the torture of waiting for another vessel.

As she recalled the past, and tried to penetrate the future, a smile of supreme satisfaction passed over her honest face as she remembered that her life's work would be perpetuated.

The room in which she sat contained hundreds of records; and, turning to her daughter, she said, "My dear, this diary, as you well know, contains the records of my life's work, in which for many years you have so diligently assisted me."

"By earnest application you have compassed my methods; and it is a happiness to think that when I leave, the glorious work will, through you, be continued."

"The mission is a noble one. Do as I have done: never permit a woman's appeal to go unanswered."

"These records tell of every case ever treated and, tell it to my wish that the facts they contain shall in time prove a much-needed education to the women of the world."

Thus did Lydia E. Pinkham hand over to her daughter, Mrs. Charles H. Pinkham, what may be termed the salvation of her sex; and that wonderful remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which all druggists consider as standard as flour, goes on redeeming hundreds of women from the fearful consequences of female diseases.

I have been mistaken?

I drew a match from my pocket and struck a light. As the tiny flame dispelled the darkness, I gazed quickly about me. As I did so, my eyes encountered a figure crouching among the bales of goods not two yards from where I sat, the figure of a woman. As the flash of light fell upon her, she awoke with a low, agonized cry, and stood facing me.

A single glance sufficed to reveal her identity. I stood as if stupefied, my senses in a mad whirl.

"Verda, my love!" I cried, and took her in my arms. I felt her warm lips upon mine, the pressure of her arms as she clung to me, heard the little, half-smothered cry of joy that came from her lips, and for the moment I forgot all else—for got the dangers of my situation, the perils that might menace us both, only conscious of one thing, and that was the presence of the one I loved, she whom I had lost, but had now found.

For a long time—I know not how long—I surrendered myself to the sweet joy that held me captive, and not until the new dangers forced themselves upon my attention did I awake from my dream of love to the dreadful realization of our situation.

The pitching of the brig had now become so violent that it was difficult to retain our footing. I could feel the vessel shudder as the waves struck her, and the roaring of the waves about her deck, mingled with the rush of the wind, came in hideous clamor from above. Then came the sound of breaking timbers, followed by the crashing of the cabin skylights, with the awful sound of waters dashing into the hold.

These sounds were freighted with dread, import, for I now realized the direful situation when the brig lurched violently. I pitched forward and the next moment was hurled downward. My head struck some hard object, and then I knew no more.

When consciousness returned I was lying in one of the cabins of the Utopia, an English steamer bound for Southampton, the face of Verda bending over me.

We had been taken off the Utopia at daybreak by the Utopia's crew. The brig had been so disabled by the storm that the crew had deserted her, and she went down shortly after the Utopia's boat had cleared the wreck.

Verda soon told me the story of her life.

She had lost her parents when a child, and had lived with her brother, he only living relative. But a year before he had become involved in some secret political movement for the liberation of Italy, and had been forced to flee from his native land. Anton Pecora, a shopkeeper, who dealt in curios, had given her employment in his shop after her brother's departure. But finally Pecora had fallen in love with her, and when she refused to marry him he turned her out, homeless. It was about this time that I first met her. Later she again encountered Pecora, who renewed his suit, and when she refused him he told her that he had discovered her brother's whereabouts, and unless she consented to marry him he would place the information he had obtained in the hands of the authorities, which would mean a disgraceful death for her brother. It was then that she fled from home for the purpose of warning her brother of the threatened danger. She went first to Naples, where she arrived almost penniless and in despair; but, feeling that her brother's life depended upon her exertions, she resolved to obtain passage to France in some way.

Musing thus, I lay for hours; then a drowsiness came over me and I slept.

I had been asleep but a short time, when I was suddenly awakened. I rose up, my senses all returning in a moment. The ship was pitching violently, and the roar of the waves was appalling.

I had barely time to note this when I heard, or thought I heard, a mean issuing from the darkness close by. I listened, but it was not repeated. Could

A NOBLE LIFE SPENT FOR AND WITH SUFFERING WOMEN.

A Life's Work Perpetuated through a Faithful Daughter, and Records of Priceless Value.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

What a vast amount of misery and suffering has been prevented by the clear-headed foresight of one noble woman!

She had struggled, labored, and sacrificed for the welfare of her sex.

The eyes of the women of the world were upon her.

She was not

friends say? No, I would keep silent. I would wait till I knew my feelings better. Yes, I would wait. Heaven forgive me, the time was soon to come when I should know my mind better.

One evening she came to my studio a half-hour late, and I thought I detected traces of mental anguish upon her face, but I hardly noticed it at the time.

Al, how well I remember her leaving the studio that evening! She stopped by my side a moment as she was going out, and with a sudden impulse threw her arms about me and pressed her lips to mine.

"The Holy Virgin protect you!" she said, and then she was gone.

That night my landlady handed me a bit of paper, upon which Verda had written:

"I shall never see you again. I must leave my dear Italy forever. May the Holy Virgin watch over and protect you."

She was gone. I should never see her again. The thought came to me in all its painful reality. Then it was that I knew my mind—knew that I loved her with all the passion of my soul—knew that life without her would be a living torture.

As she recalled the past, and tried to penetrate the future, a smile of supreme satisfaction passed over her honest face as she remembered that her life's work would be perpetuated.

The room in which she sat contained

hundreds of records; and, turning to her daughter, she said,

"My dear, this diary, as you well know,

contains the records of my life's work,

in which for many years you have so diligently assisted me."

"By earnest application you have compassed my methods; and it is a happiness to think that when I leave, the glorious work will, through you, be continued."

"The mission is a noble one. Do as I have done: never permit a woman's appeal to go unanswered."

"These records tell of every case ever treated and, tell it to my wish that the facts they contain shall in time prove a much-needed education to the women of the world."

Thus did Lydia E. Pinkham hand over to her daughter, Mrs. Charles H. Pinkham, what may be termed the salvation of her sex; and that wonderful remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which all druggists consider as standard as flour, goes on redeeming hundreds of women from the fearful consequences of female diseases.

I have been mistaken?

I drew a match from my pocket and struck a light. As the tiny flame dispelled the darkness, I gazed quickly about me. As I did so, my eyes encountered a figure crouching among the bales of goods not two yards from where I sat, the figure of a woman. As the flash of light fell upon her, she awoke with a low, agonized cry, and stood facing me.

A single glance sufficed to reveal her identity. I stood as if stupefied, my senses in a mad whirl.

"Verda, my love!" I cried, and took her in my arms. I felt her warm lips upon mine, the pressure of her arms as she clung to me, heard the little, half-smothered cry of joy that came from her lips, and for the moment I forgot all else—for got the dangers of my situation, the perils that might menace us both, only conscious of one thing, and that was the presence of the one I loved, she whom I had lost, but had now found.

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Horse Department.

A pair of colts by Nelson, three and four years old, were sold lately for \$9000. They were purchased with the hope that they would sweep the boards at the late Horse Show but failed. The four year old has trotted in 2.27 and the younger in 2.30. They are full sisters, their dam being Electricity by Electoneer.

At Elmwood farm, Lewiston Junction, a bran mask fed the stock once a day, and it is this more than any other one thing which explains the superior condition of the stock at all times. The worth of a bran mask is not appreciated. Horses which are well grained and worked should be treated to one of these cooling and refreshing mashes at least once a week.

As confirming what has so often been claimed in regard to the future of the business, note the following from an exchange:

"The fancy for courage, style, symmetrical conformation and all-round trotting action, has grown in influential circles and made a multitude of converts, until now it is admitted that the attributes of the perfected hackney exist in the trotting breed and that to an enlarged and improved extent."

"The good horse is worth something between the shafts, even if his pedigree is short, while the other is never any good, no matter how blue his blood may be. It seems that it is only reasonable to allow a stallion something for his breeding and performance to the stud, and yet when it comes to the latter point the difference in opportunity should be taken into consideration; and how is that difference to be properly gauged?"

Among the many horse exchanges coming to our table the Review published at Chicago gives as good reading as any. Naturally covering so large a field, local matters in New England are but briefly noticed, but the same may be said of all papers outside the State. Amber, one of the brightest writers of the day, Trotwood who is never dull or prosy, are but two among many interesting writers who brighten the pages weekly. The Christmas issue should be in the hands of every lover of the horse, for it has for years been a number of great interest and value. Send to the Review, Chicago, Ill., for a copy.

Breeding is to continue and be made profitable, more attention needs to be given to the value of good blood. A horse, to be worthy of patronage, must stand for an idea, and not be an accident. There are far too many of the latter, simply because there has been no system followed year after year. In the hope for speed, men have tried this and then that, until the breeding compass has been boxed. If a good one appears, he is pushed to the front and used with but little thought of who or what he is. Without doubt, had the farmers who have attempted to raise trotters clung to the tried horses in Maine, during the past ten years, a better class of stock would be scattered over the farms than could be found now. Perhaps the extreme speed would not have been reached, but that is by no means certain, and when it comes in this country also roasts horse will stand on a par with roast cow. All domestic animals the same as the cattle. It will save time that is not wholesome, nor drink anything but pure water. The stuff that pigs and cattle will eat the horse will not touch. He is, indeed, more fastidious in his habits than most of the men who object to consider him as edible meat."

If the English hackney fever is to subside in this country, it will be for the simple reason that we are beginning to produce a type of horses which, in all the desirable qualities of the imported animals, are superior in every respect. This has already been proved. No hackney ever stepped into a ring and commanded such universal and enthusiastic admiration as Cogent, for instance. He was a grader horse in beauty, style, power, conformation and action, than any of the many good judges assembled to try the tried horses in Maine, during the past ten years, a better class of stock would be scattered over the farms than could be found now. Perhaps the extreme speed would not have been reached, but that is by no means certain, and when it comes in this country also roasts horse will stand on a par with roast cow. All domestic animals the same as the cattle. It will save time that is not wholesome, nor drink anything but pure water. The stuff that pigs and cattle will eat the horse will not touch. He is, indeed, more fastidious in his habits than most of the men who object to consider him as edible meat."

Anything which disturbs the normal condition of an animal will surely influence production or service. A hen to do her best in the nest must be at her best all the while. The freezing of the comb causes pain until the under surface heals and the frozen portions slough off. It is hardly wise to see how close to the freezing point the pens can be kept but at how even a temperature. From twenty to forty above should be the range sought for. Hens with very large combs suffer more than those having less, but the aim should be to prevent freezing, as this means too much waste of food as fuel.

In the returns to the Secretary of the profitable farm crops the past year, the farmers of Massachusetts either accidentally or intentionally omitted poultry. We fancy that the majority do not do business enough in the egg line to reckon on it among the farm crops. Right here is where the great mistake is made, in Massachusetts as well as Maine. The cruder crops, which pay the least profit, receive the most attention; the finer, which require most skill and pay the best, are neglected. The egg crop of New England is but a drop in the bucket compared with consumption, yet there are thousands to-day looking vainly for a chance to do something which will pay. Before the social problem is solved we shall be obliged to take better account of the little things in life.

At the meeting of the National Trotting Association last week, in New York, action was taken on questions of interest to Maine breeders.

The Nelson-Alcroyon case came up once more. G. G. Robens, owner of the stallion Alcroyon, applied for permanent reinstatement. The application was denied, but his temporary reinstatement, granted at Chicago, last year, was continued. Robens and C. H. Nelson were expelled for alleged fraud in connection with the famous \$10,000 stallion race at Beacon park, in 1889. The stallions Nelson and Alcroyon were said to have trotted to suit certain pool rooms. C. H. Nelson also applied for permanent reinstatement. This was denied, but his temporary reinstatement was continued.

C. H. Nelson again came to the front. He is under suspension for non payment of forfeits to the Riga Park Association, Portland, Me. Nelson was suspended for refusing to pay \$200. He declared that he was justified in this act because the Riga Association owed upward of \$1000 to him. The reply was that the Association has been reorganized and its old debts wiped out.

The Topsham, Maine, Association has also suspended Nelson for unpaid entrance fees. The defendant said that a stableman in his employ made the entries without his authority. He notified the board that he intended to file information against both of the Maine clubs for accepting conditional entries.

It is to be hoped that the National Association will take definite action on the points involved, as the evil of conditional entries needs to be checked, must be checked, while the rights of societies putting up guaranteed purse must also be more fully protected.

Recognizing the fact that it is easy to influence men through their fears, there had been a combined effort on the part of those interested in bicycles and electrical appliances to drive the poor horse out of the field. Taking a time when through a combination of circumstances, prices are low, the cry is raised that the days of the horse are numbered. Selfish interests have kept up the cry, and evidently large sums are paid, by those interested, for the columns of



THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY

Certain to its effects in every bilious.

Read proofs below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

BLUE BOTTLE, L. I. N. Y., Jan. 15, 1894.

Dr. R. J. Kendall Co.—I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for some time ago with a Spavin. I got him for \$30. I used Kendall's Spavin Cure. The horse is now good and sound. I have never had the same horse. I only had him nine weeks, and got \$20 for using \$3 worth of Kendall's Spavin Cure.

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SHELDY, Mich., Oct. 16, 1894.

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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

ENSBURG FALLS, Vt.,

matter being poured out through our magazines and newspapers.

This is what the editor of the New York Recorder has to say regarding the same:

"The fancy for courage, style, symmetrical conformation and all-round trotting action, has grown in influential circles and made a multitude of converts, until now it is admitted that the attributes of the perfected hackney exist in the trotting breed and that to an enlarged and improved extent."

"While we are talking of the horse show, which was the all absorbing fad of the town the past week, it is curious to note that several breeders in the country are doing away with the dodo.

"The petrel carriage and Editor Walker's freight railroad through the farming districts make the dodo a creature of but a moment's notice.

"The good horse is worth something between the shafts, even if his pedigree is short, while the other is never any good, no matter how blue his blood may be.

"It seems that it is only reasonable to allow a stallion something for his breeding and performance to the stud, and yet when it comes to the latter point the difference in opportunity should be taken into consideration; and how is that difference to be properly gauged?"

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